

VOYANT NOUS FAIT JULY 68



saturday's garden

gary eagle-68

JULY 4TH
COWEN PARK

JULY 14TH

CRUISE ON VIRGINIA FIVE FROM 10:30 TO 1:30. ADVANCE
TICKETS ONLY, LIMITED TO 250. \$3 A HEAD. BAND: JUGGERNAUT

**INDEPENDENCE FROM
THE DRAFT WEEK**

BANDS JUGGERNAUT, EASY CHAIR
CANTERBURY TALES, UNCLE
HENRY

MAGIC THEATRE: NOT FOR
EVERYONE

Berkeley

CHE was asked about the chances of an armed revolution in America...

... He laughed. The seminal "REVOLUTION" in Berkeley was a grotesquery of absurd futility, and yet possibly a kind of victory.

(Here follows the jutting and involved eyewitness report of one relayed at the last minuet by telephone from Berkeley.)

SWP's and assorted anarchists hold an illegal meeting on public grounds in support of French students...

last FRIDAY:

At first boring, later a barricade is erected on the intersection of Dewitt and Telegraph. Chief of Police Biehl and Mayor Johnson both indicate publicly that the assembly is an illegal one. The crowd does not move. The chief and the mayor do. Then about 200 fully armed Berkeley Police march down Tele toward the crowd. The crowd moves. But all routes are covered. Tear gas hits all around. The 700 scatter.

liberate the areas they flee through: destroying serial fetishes like parking meters. Many return to the U. There a dance is just out and the crowd swells to 3000. A barricade is erected and a cardboard fire lit. Berkeley police come on campus and throw the gas. The crowd retreats and attempts to arrest a second barricade. The arrival of a busload of County police breaks things up.

SATURDAY

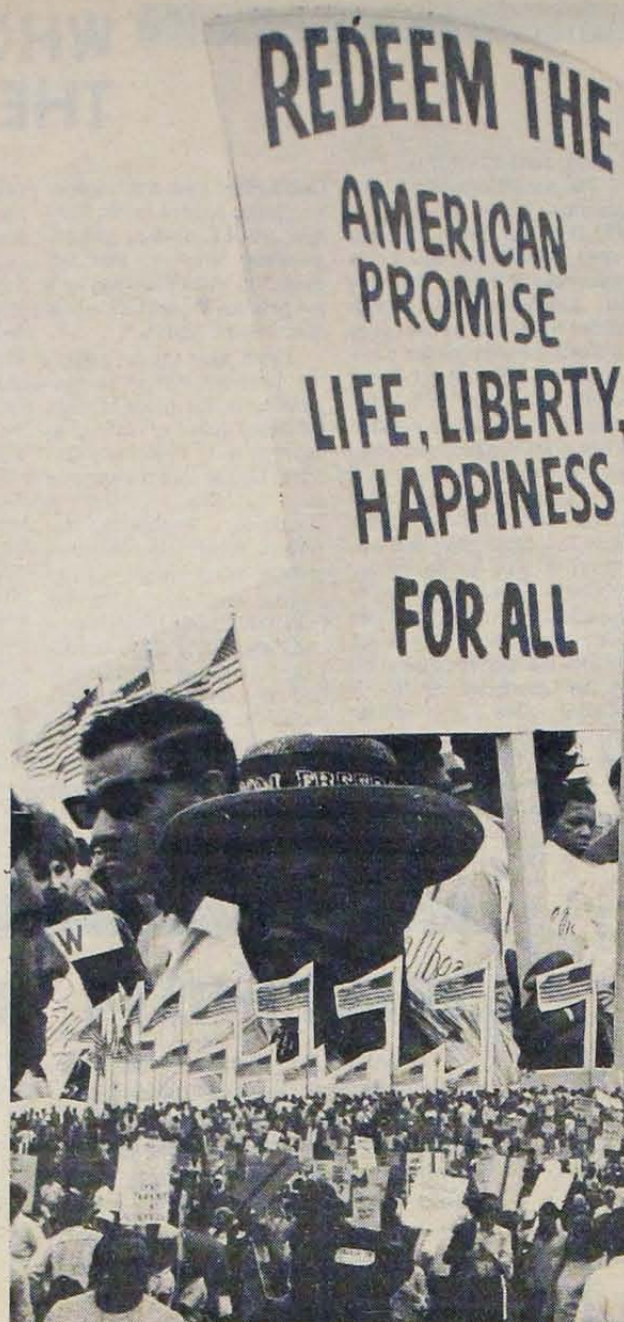
Leaflets announce a meeting. 1300 show. Only a few police present, and none in martian garb. The Mayor comes and offers the Ave. if the barricades be taken down and no property be destroyed. The consensus agrees. A Rock Band opens up and everything is festive, even the political discussions. But one "symbolic" barricade is left standing. The crowd thickens to over 3000... the Dewitt-Tele barricade still up. At 10PM... new law time... the mayor leaves and at 11:30 word of the Pigs. Lots of them. Crowd bolts through unsecured retreat. Everyone gasses: many clubbed. Things cease at about 2AM SUN.

SUNDAY

Curfew decreed for disturbed part of Berkeley. Two meetings are held which know nothing of each other. One convinces city fathers to let the regular Sunday live music at PROVO park to cont. until 9pm not 6: that the kids might be kept out of the hot spot. The other decides to march down Bancroft to Provo park. Thus between sets about 2000 marchers show up and take over the microphone. After much "kill the pigs" talk and a little, "this is stupid and dangerous lets go home." The police and the thousands clash. State police are now involved thus much cracking of skulls. Many injured.

MONDAY

The city tired of Violence. Met of 2000 at U. decides to stay legal and unamplified. Proposals will be given following day to City Hall. PROJECTIONS: they will likely let them have their 4th of July demonstration.... Rest conjecture.



POOR PEOPLE'S MARCH



Amidst vague rumors of potential disorder and violence (usually passed along with a knowing and mysterious look), an orderly crowd of Americans from all over the country (police estimate: 50,000; SCLC estimate: over 100,000) joined the residents of Resurrection City to demonstrate their support of the Poor People's Campaign and its demands at the June 19 "Solidarity Day" march. As people started gathering in the grassy area around the Washington Monument, it became clear that the march organizers' forecast of 40,000 participants would be surpassed and that the march would be a numerical success, if nothing else. After listening to several short speeches and a series of entertainers like Eartha Kitt, Jerry Butler, Pete Seeger, Clara Ward, and Peter, Paul, and Mary, the crowd began its leisurely one-mile stroll from the Washington Monument, along the Reflecting pool and the plywood shanties of Resurrection City, to the Lincoln Memorial on this hot, humid afternoon.

About half the marchers were white; the crowd was, in general, younger and, judging from the signs, banners, and buttons, more militant and radical than the pre-dominantly middle-class marchers of the 1963 Civil Rights March. A lot has happened in America since the summer of 1963 and the crowd's mood reflected this change. The optimistic "We Shall Overcome" togetherness that characterized the 1963 march had given way to an atmosphere of cool anger and purpose. For many, the government, on whose steps they demonstrated, had become the enemy, not the saviour, of America's poor. There were many signs that read "This is your last chance for non-violence". Anti-war banners were everywhere; there was even an "Up Against the Wall, Mother-fucker" banner, manned by a few somewhat sheepish and embarrassed-looking young white kids. The buttons tended to be more conservative; King and Kennedy memorial buttons abounded and there were a lot of Poor People's Campaign and

Solidarity buttons. There was also a surprising number of McCarthy buttons in evidence. (McCarthy's name, when read from the podium at the Lincoln Memorial, received a 40 second ovation.... Hubert was roundly booed....)

In general, everyone was pretty much doing his own thing. The farm-workers from Delano were there with their "Huelga" banners, talking to people about their boycott of the Delano area grape-growers. The Indians were passing out leaflets about fishing rights. Two blacks, one angry and just back from "Nam", the other older, bearded, and reflective, debated the relative merits of blowing up the Washington Monument... and violence, in general. An old Spanish-American lady from Tierra Amarilla, N. M., the home of Reies Tijerinas' uprising last year, went through the crowd selling "Last Chance for Non-Violence" bumper stickers for a quarter. A pretty and earnest red-headed girl walked around trying to gather signatures for a gun-control petition. People only half-listened to the long series of speeches that attacked the inequities in American society and demanded justice now. The Solidarity Day marchers didn't need to be convinced; they had come to Washington in the hope that the rest of the American people and that Congress would listen... and be convinced.

During the march, I ran into a friend whose aunt publishes the "Washington Post" and "Newsweek". After I'd picked up my suit-case from the Liberation News Service closet where I'd left it the night before and after I'd said good-bye to the people from the Washington Free Press who had kindly put me up for the night, we dropped by the "Post" office and her aunt's mansion where Joseph Alsop was urbanely sipping at some sort of cock-tail. Having thus paid our respects to both ends of the American journalistic spectrum, we headed north on the turn-pike toward New York.

A job referral service is available for all who seek employment. Located at the FOCUS clinic at 1717 Broadway, it is run by the volunteer services of Steve Scroggs. Anyone who goes to the referral service will receive aid in finding a job. If you look outrageous i.e. long hair etc. about the only possibility is construction labor. Almost all of the jobs one can be referred to are straight jobs where a clean cut ready to work appearance is necessary and most of these jobs can be secured inspite of a police record. If you need a job call or go visit Steve. He's at FOCUS, Ea9-1174, Mon. thru Fri. from 5pm to 6:30pm and he's at the Open Door Clinic, Me4-1331, Tue. and Thur. from 7pm to 9pm.

People who are willing to put crashers on a one night basis are urged to call either the Free University, Me2-2299, or the 1st Church of Christ Esoteric, Ea9-7257. The location of your home will not become public knowledge, but hopefully this service will bring together people wanting a place to crash for a night and people willing to put them up overnight.

JOBS

CRASH

THE EAGLE

Vol. June 27, 1968 Application

WALT'S REPLY

Dear Sir:

Regarding your reprint of my artwork from the HELIX and the accompanying expose in your June 6 issue: 'AT A BOY, SOCK IT TO ME!'

It is in this spirit of masochism, and more specifically as an exercise in mental masturbation that I am addressing you. But, please, Bible and AR-16 in hand, find the courage to endure this note in its entirety.

As to my "atrocity," you are quite right but not for the reasons I intended (which is, of course, inconsequential). The cover is a cartoon, a drawing illustrating a concept, and thus not pure art. It is a graphic exposition of the Freudian quality of Mr. Gould's assertion that "The nation that controls magnetism, controls the universe!" The blatant and to me perverse sexuality sublimated in such chauvinistic sloganeering is indeed obscene. The drawing is not. In fact, it turns me off.

HELIX is "underground" in name only. Our operation is not concealed in the depths of the Metro Sewer System, on the contrary, we are printed by a supremely "respectable" firm. Your inability to locate this firm testifies only to the incompetence of your investigation. However, I will not reveal the name or location of the plant so as not to spoil your fun.

Finally, it appears to me that you have violated the philosophic tradition of the conservatism with which you identify yourself in attacking the existence of a "sister" enterprise. The spirit of individual liberty and laissez-faire asserts the right of HELIX to exist subject only to the performance of an independent, competitive market. Yet, instead of challenging ideas with ideas you intimidate our operation in a most ungentlemanly manner. Further, your remarks invite government intervention in the form of censorship which in light of your espoused opposition to the expansion of the government into the public sphere is contradictory to say the least.

In a time when holding companies are gobbling up media and the government is rapidly emasculating a once healthy independent press, attempted sabotage, even as infantile as your efforts were, of another newspaper is inexcusable.

On one point we agree; freedom is evaporating in this society. The right to view things differently is the essence of freedom. To challenge our right to see and print things our own way is to challenge that already too tenuous freedom, to subvert American society and for a newspaper, ultimately to commit suicide.

Yours,

Walt Crowley

Seattle, June 24 - (JPI)

The sometimes-perplexing question, "Who Prints The HELIX?" has finally been answered, though not exactly by those who print it. It seems Mr. Leighton Wood, a civic leader in the Mt. Vernon area (Christian Businessmen's Association, Chamber of Commerce, Young Men's Christian Association Board, to mention a few of his civic associations) whose company owns the press on which several newspapers are printed, walked out into the plant the other day, and ... "there it was, coming off the press." He was referring to the HELIX, leftist smut sheet publication which is known for its pro-marxist and dope stand in the University District of Seattle. Also ... "coming off the press" was another newspaper for a Spokane hippie movement. From the tone of the conversation Mr. Wood had with a telephone caller, no one was more surprised

than he that such a newspaper was being printed in Mt. Vernon; EAGLE readers will remember, however, that last week Mr. Wood said they were not printing the HELIX but had done so in the past.

From what we can gather, the infamous HELIX is conjured up in the minds of Seattle-based leftists, reduced to paper at their University district HQ, and then transported over to "The Printers" in Lynnwood, Washington for camera processing. Whereas nothing would surprise us as coming from the particular individuals in the leftist movement which originates the HELIX, it is rather surprising to find the other people who are supporting the thing along the way, by the use of their facilities.

For instance, readers may help us to discover what connection, if any, there is be

tween the HELIX and the Seattle Labor tab known as the Aero Mechanic's Newspaper. We found by calling around that Mr. Kenneth C. Monson of Lynnwood, who evidently has some connection with the Aero Mechanic Union, also owns part or all of "The Printers" in Lynnwood, where the HELIX is photographed. What we want to know (at press time the calls we have made to Mr. Monson have not been answered) is what made the HELIX gang choose his outfit as their photography processor? And what connection is there between the union paper and "The Printers"? Does the union know about Mr. Monson's connection with the HELIX business? And where does Mr. Chasteen (Ed) of Lake Stevens come in?

As readers can see by the above, the EAGLE knows practically nothing about the HELIX situation, except that we would like to know more;

It is hoped that in the future we can come up with reasons for this abominable HELIX being printed and photographed in the so-called legitimate business world. As we go to press, the only answer we have from those involved is a statement from Mr. Wood that he feels he can print anything that is not illegal, and therefore has no need to exercise any moral judgment on the HELIX, even when he knows it is being distributed to the detriment of children and young people all over this state. Since Mr. Wood is not alone in his view, we would appreciate readers taking the time to discuss this idea with Mr. Wood in a friendly way, to see if perhaps there is some way in which we as citizens can protect our children from the HELIX without infringing on someone's civil rights.

LEATHER

PHASE ONE

If one could substitute horses for squad cars some precipitous look-out butte for the helicopter and a ranch-house for the middle-income Renton-suburban tract house one would have had the makings for a fine western. Except that a few heads got really busted and at least one face MACE'd.

Every Sunday the Seance Motorcycle Club has a meeting. Lately they have been held in the backyard of a Renton home: A tract home in the midst of many other tract homes. (see pics) So last Sunday June the 16th there were about 15-20 attending to whatever Business needed attending to, and since someone had brought along a single case of beer they were drinking it. Just a laid back Sunday afternoon on the grass with about a beer and a half to just ever so slightly mellow the sky. So the meeting breaks up and a few drift to the house, while others wander about the yard or take a walk down the block.

Breed hops on a bicycle - the peddle variety - and rides down the street. At the typical suburban corner he is called over by an officer looking ever so much like a cop in a cop car. Then in typical suburban fashion he is asked for his ID. Breed had had his drivers license taken away two days earlier by officer Noble who never gave him any reason why it was being held. Now the officer asked Breed in lieu of not having his license to get in the squad car. Breed responded that no he would not get in the car unless he was under arrest. "If I get in I'll never get out." Then the one cop assured his partner that "Well we can fix that. Looks like he's drunk doesn't it." Officer McKillip continued, "Smells like he is chewing rum-flavored gum." Breed was chewing beef-jerky and suggested that their somewhat contrived doubts could be quickly dispelled if they wanted to give him a breath analyzer test. The police weren't interested. It was becoming fairly obvious that the police were out after some kind of confrontation. Later that afternoon, after seven of the club would be busted on a variety of charges the same Officer McKillip would report to the local press... "It boiled down to one thing. Either the citizens with the help of the police were going to run their neighborhood or THEY were."

Then along came wolf and Chris. The confrontation odds being quickly

PASTORAL

changed from 2 against 1 to 3 against 2. Wolf was told that he had exactly 2 seconds to leave that typical suburban corner. Wolf responded to this unusual demand "2 seconds is up." Wolf is first grabbed by an officer. Then circled by his friends. The police go back to their car. The others start walking back to the house, only Wolf stays. Perhaps waiting for the arrest. The cops do nothing so Wolf buys some ice cream from some transient merchant and again walks back to the squad cars. Still nothing. He goes home.

PHASE TWO

Club members are inside watching television. Something like the sound of bullhorns comes out over the TV screen, except that it's originating outside. Jethro picks up a shade and is amazed. There are collected at least 25 police protected by squad cars of every denomination; County sheriffs, Tukwilla police, state police, Renton police, tear gas, rifles, etc. Jethro walks out the front door looking impossibly like a citizen inquiring after some sounds of children crying or bicycles crashing. He's told to get the rest of them out or the whole place will be tear-gassed. Since there were lots of women and children inside Jethro tried a little reasoning. Then he noticed that behind the back fence was another fence of riot-ready night-sticks. (The whole thing might have been very funny.) Soon the talking stopped when it became clear that the police advanced upon the house like some persian phalanx, entered it and began to indiscriminately make arrests... "You... you... and you." Wolf was struck on the back of the head with a night stick and half-dragged to a car. There he was shoved into the back seat next to Breed. The tightening of the handcuffs by the twisting of a night stick hurt. There were some objections. To which the police calmly opened the backdoor next to Wolf and shot him blank in the face with MACE. Since Wolf has only one lung anyway he turned blue. Eventually, seven in all were taken to Jail. At the time of the jailing it was still unclear why, but eventually all were charged with public intoxication (Of course they were fairly floating after ingesting a single case between the 15 to 20 of them. And, of course, they were public once they were

CONT P16



HELIX BLEED

A small quiet crowd gathered Monday night on the lawn near the Garfield gym to hear speakers from the Black Panther Party who had just received the maximum sentence for their attempts to control the Franklin sit-in.

Defense attorneys, Mike Rosen and Chris Young (the object of the celebration) were attending the rally along with several other whites. As the rally was about to begin a group of kids jumped a white kid wearing panther and peace buttons. The kid was kicked and slugged several times before adults rescued him and gave him refuge in the gym.

Meanwhile, some blacks had chased KOMO TV men away from the rally. Gangs of black kids started to yell, "Get Whitey." Carl Miller suggested that Rosen and Young leave and organized an escort of Panthers to insure their safety.

At this time a group of kids started throwing rocks and bricks at cars driven by whites on 23rd Ave. All attempts by Dixon and Miller and the Panthers failed to stop the rock throwing. Helix reporters,

Hil Duefrene and Tim Harvey, stood at 23rd and Cherry, a block north of the rally, taping interviews and taking photographs of cars with smashed windows and fenders. An unmarked police car was smashed and damaged severely. (This car is rumoured to have carried Mayor Brayman). The kids continued to throw rocks and hunks of brick at cars, running into the street after the cars had passed to retrieve their ammo. At no time did the majority of the crowd gathered near the gym enter into the rock-throwing.

Hil and Harvey watched for about 20 minutes; then the gang began to move north away from the rally and toward Cherry. The 2 Helix staffers were talking with some older cats in a red convertible when the group spotted them. The gang of kids--all about 13-17--followed them across Cherry. Ripping the camera from Harvey and the taperecorder from Hil they started throwing bricks, kicking, slugging and hitting the reporters with thin metal canes. A three block flight-fight ensued

with cries of "Kill the Motherfuckers." Several older blacks who said they were Panthers tried to protect the whites who had by then had much of their clothing torn off and were bleeding profusely.

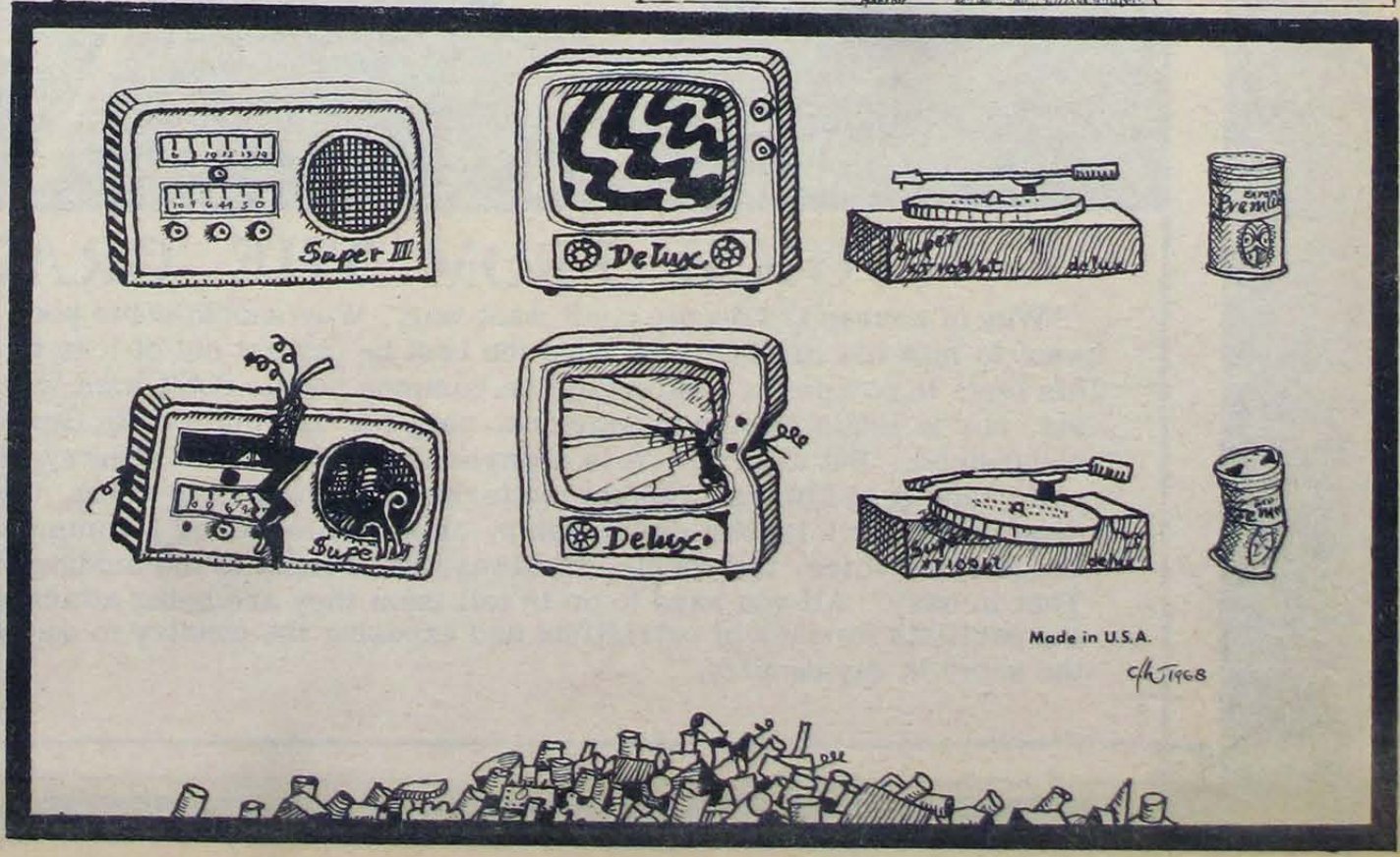
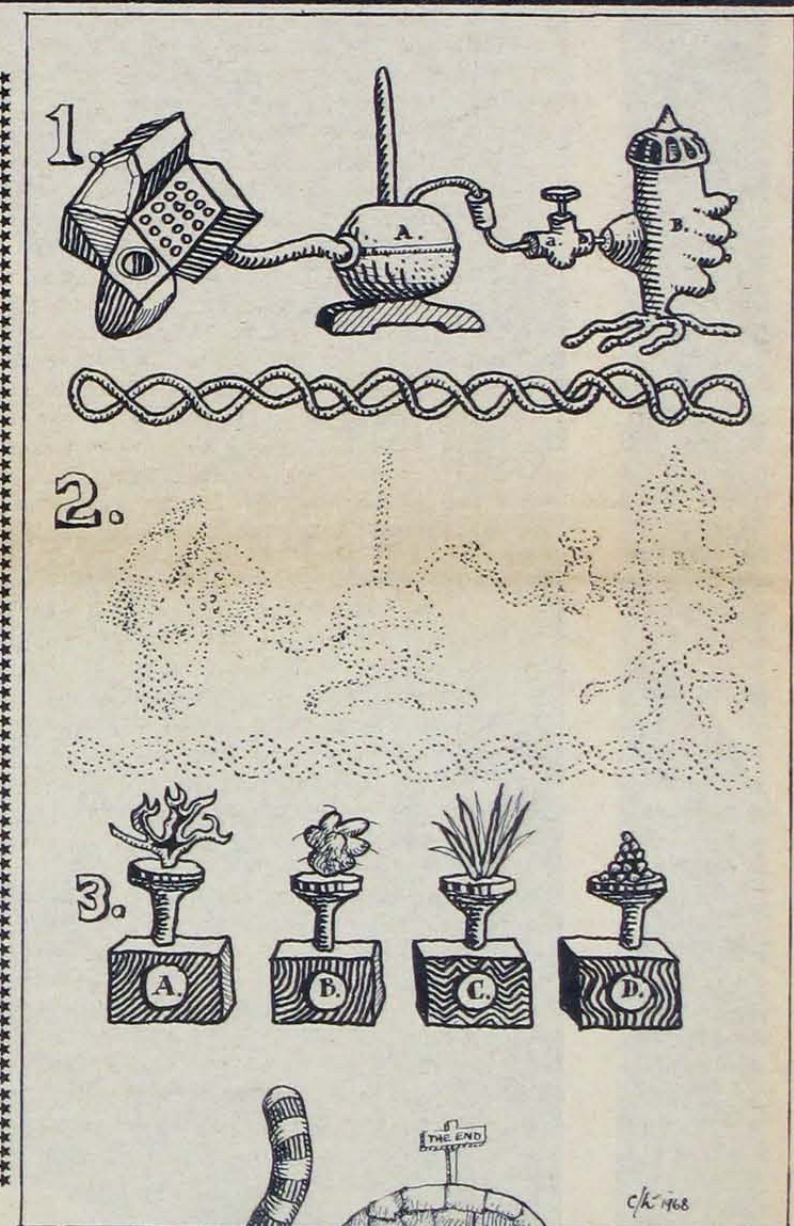
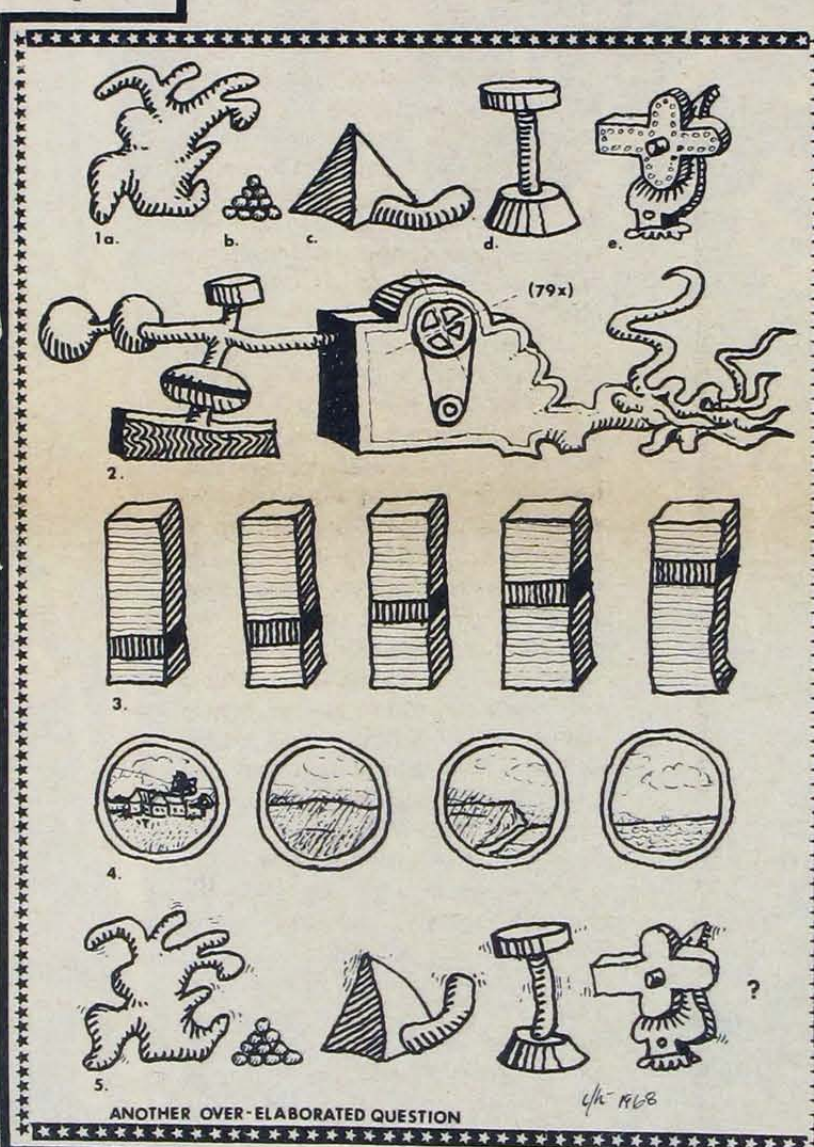
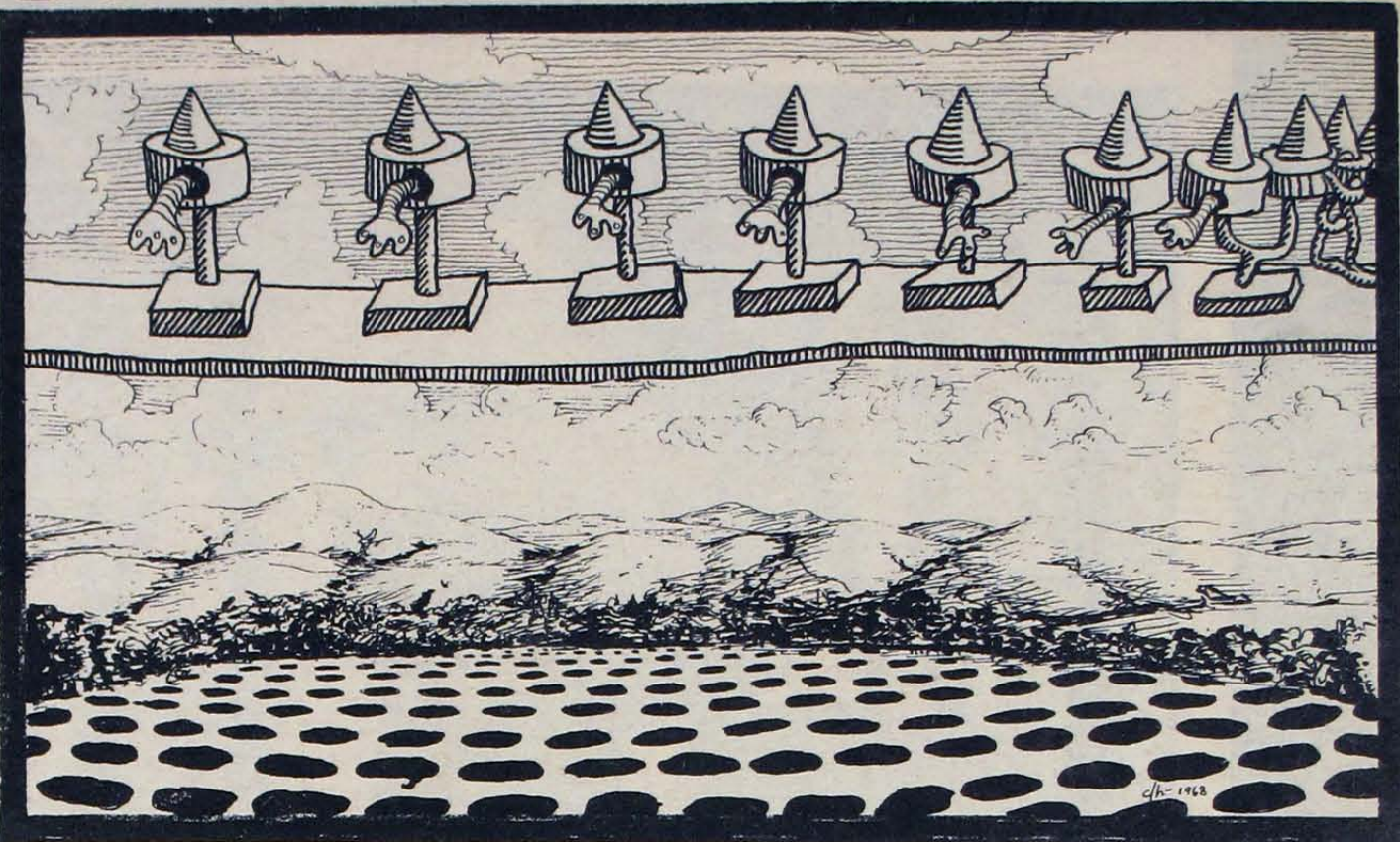
Near 23rd and Marion a Seattle City Police Squad Car stopped to watch the fight. Several black children led Harvey to the car and knocked on the windows, but the officers did not act or unlock their doors. Harvey tried to get across the street to Hil who was unconscious and surrounded but someone began beating him with a metal cane and he blacked out. Sometime later a tactical force squad car chased away the gang and took them to the King County

(Cont. Page 16)



CARTOONS BY LARRY HEALD

5





VOICE FROM THE GRAVE

"Why of course the people don't want war. Why should some poor slob on a farm want to risk his life in a war when the best he can get out of it is to come back to his farm in one piece. Naturally the common people don't want war, neither in Russia, nor in England, nor in America, nor, for that matter, in Germany. That is understood. But after all, it is always the leaders of the country who determine the policy and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is tell them they are being attacked and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger. It works the same in any country."

Hermann Goering

OSOS NEGROS

Osos Negros (the North American black bear) is one of the most ferocious predators to be found in the Western Hemisphere.

The extent of the damage caused by these immense beasts is so great that leading conservationists (particularly the large timber companies and tree farms), working in cooperation with the State Game Department, have declared the spade bear a non-protected animal in Clallam, Grays Harbor, Jefferson, Kitsap and Mason counties. Professional hunters, armed with dogs, traps and long range rifles, are employed on a round the clock basis in an attempt to compensate for the extreme fecundity of the she or "black-mother" bears.

In addition to devouring everything that moves in their immediate vicinity, timber is a favorite food of Osos Negros, and millions of dollars worth of trees, from quaking aspen seedlings to huge sequoia, have fallen to provide forage for the huge herbivore. In addition to raising the wrath of the large lumber interests — justifiably and understandably concerned over the depredation of America's great and beautiful natural resources — the black bear has in recent times taken to defacing open pit mine sites. The mineral companies, in the

RUBIN BUSTED

Three cops entered Jerry Rubin's apartment in the East Village on June 13 and busted him for possession of marijuana and later busted his coccyx and beat him about the head and body. Upon entering his apartment the police seemed more interested in tearing down posters of Fidel than searching for pot. Only after harassing Rubin about the Youth International Party and its plans for Chicago, picking through his letters and address books, calling him "Communist," and threatening him with a beating if he did not reveal where his gun was hidden, did the police show any interest in looking for his stash.

After booking Rubin was taken downtown for arraignment. There narco police hounded him with political questions and hit him when he didn't answer. As Rubin was taken to a cell a cop yelled down the hall, "This guy hates America." Several cops moved in as others hit Rubin twice on the head. As Rubin turned to enter the cell a plainclothes cop "kicked me at the base of my spine," and yelled, "He's a Communist. He hates America and won't fight for his country."

Rubin's obviously political arrest has led such reasonable writers as Julius Lester of the Guardian to interpret it as the end of the coddling of the white radical movement and the beginning of a new era of total suppression.



Northwest the Kinneccott Kopper Korp. in particular, have added their voices to the growing number of citizens who demand that SOMETHING BE DONE to remedy the bear situation.

In the State of Washington, fortunately, there is already a group of people with the foresight to establish a dike against the insane proliferation of this animal. The men, women and children of McCleary, Grays Harbor (1200 strong) will hold their annual Bear Festival, choose a Festival Queen, and hold a huge bear stew feed, from July 19th through the 21st.

As even the most unsophisticated students of ecology know, some species, natural predators, will threaten other, less vicious species, with extinction. Black bear poses exactly this threat to both the magnificent forests and National Parks of the Northwest area.

However, when one species begins to threaten another, Nature has her own way of restoring the balance. This happened with the

Tick-bird which would produce between fifteen and twenty young per year, and hunted for food only in the shaggy hair of the American bison. Mother Nature stepped in, and for the past 125 years there has not been any indication of the Tick-bird threatening other mid-western life forms.

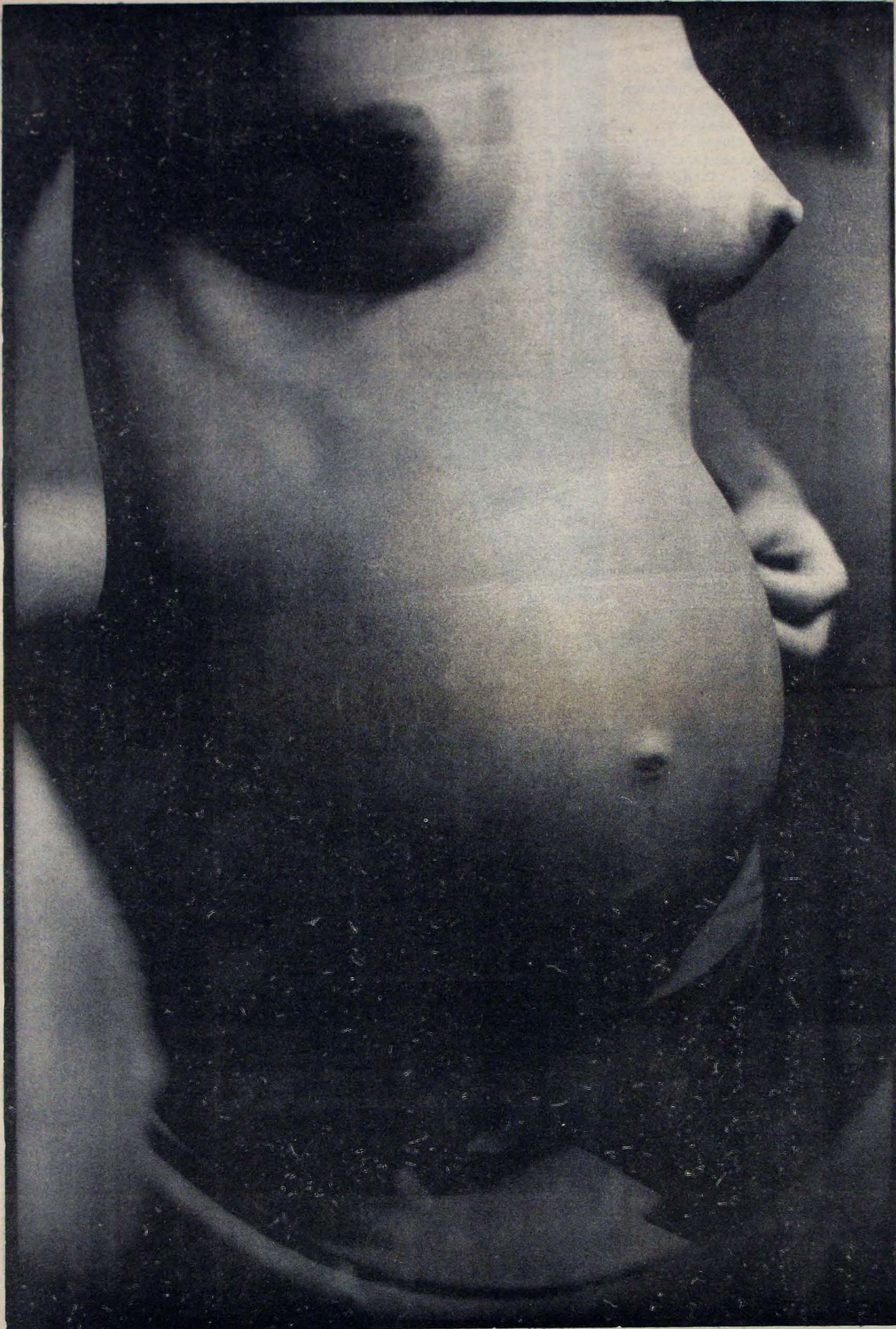
It is hoped that the American public will become aware of the dangers which threaten the large areas of woodland in the Pacific Northwest before our natural heritage has been irreparably damaged.

PFP

The Peace and Freedom Party will have to file suit against the City of San Francisco to show cause why PFP candidates should not be certified as elected since many voters were disenfranchised. In the June 4 primaries, hundreds of voters attempting to write in PFP candidates were told by poll workers that write-ins were prohibited, that a write-in would void their ballot, that voting machines could not record write-ins. The attitudes of the poll workers ranged from belligerent to hostile toward PFP voters. Two PFP candidates Paul Jacob (US Senatorial candidate) and Marvin Garson (Congressional candidate) were certified: Their names were printed on the ballot. Also winning positions on the November ballot were Bobby Seale, Chairman of the Black Panther Party, and Huey Newton. Seale is seeking the California Legislatures 14th District seat, Newton is running from the 7th District.

A National Convention to choose a Presidential candidate will be held somewhere in the Midwest on August 17 and 18.

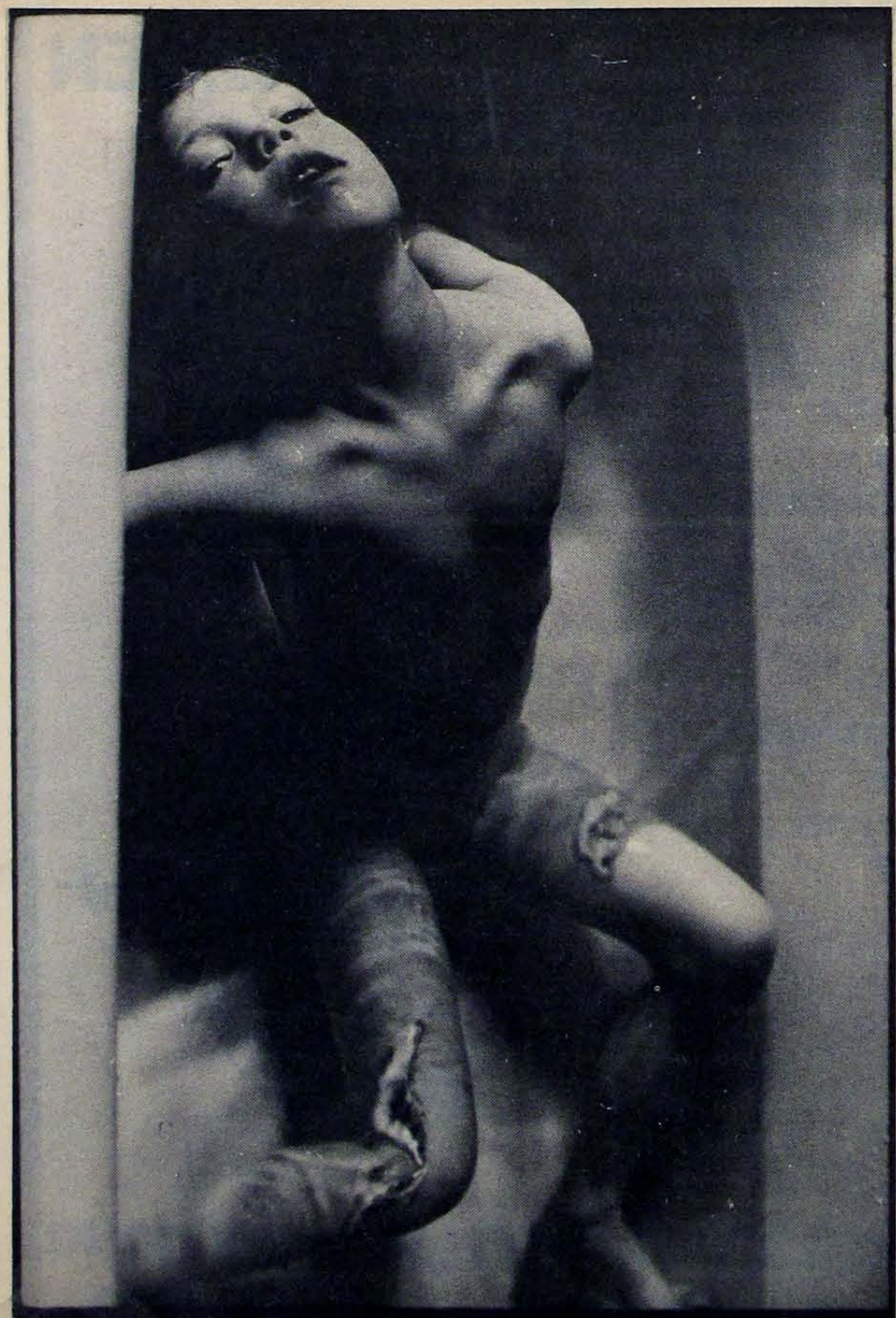
Alex Foreman, P&FP member from SF, will be in Seattle from July 8th thru the 14th and will speak on the UW campus (as well as off campus when suitable locations are found). Seattlites will be given a chance to discuss forming a local P&FP.



R ALLEN JENSEN

MOTHER

CHILD





MACRO:

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THE MACROBIOTIC DIET?

I'm not well acquainted with this dietary philosophy but a diet of brown rice and green tea is obviously lacking in essential vitamins and minerals. Although macrobiotic philosophy states that the body can manufacture these vitamins and minerals absent from the diet, this idea is contradicted by medical knowledge.

That these vitamins and minerals are essential and cannot be produced by the body is supported by long years of experience with vitamin deficiency. There are millions of people throughout the world who suffer from nutritional deficiency due to inadequate diet. Far from their bodies producing these absent vitamins and minerals, they succumb to a wide variety of nutritional deficient diseases including pellegra, beri-beri, scurvy, rickets, etc.

The Journal of the AMA reported in 1967 on a case of scurvy in a strict adherent of Ohsawa's Regimen. "This patient was first admitted to the New York Hospital, July 25, 1965 with marked weakness, swollen right knee joint, bleeding gums, and severe malnutrition. She had been in good general health, with a weight of 125 pounds until she became interested in the philosophy of Zen macrobiotics in the Spring of 1964. In August, 1964, she began to eliminate meat and milk from her diet and in September 1964 she eliminated all fruit and drastically reduced her liquid intake. By November 1964, her diet was limited to brown rice, pressure-cooked or boiled, salted and sprinkled with sesame seeds. She also ate some ground oatmeal, cornmeal, buckwheat, and bread made from cooked rice. Her maximum liquid intake was 12 oz. per day in the form of soup or tea, never water. She remained on this diet No. 7 [the strictest and "purest" diet in the Zen macrobiotic nutritional system] until her admission to the hospital eight months later." At that time she weighed 91 pounds and was suffering from anemia.

The symptoms of scurvy include extensive tissue bleeding including skin, joints, gums and intestinal tract. anemia is also frequently found.

I have seen a case of sore and bleeding gums in a patient at the Open Door Clinic who had consumed only rice and oats for several months. This condition was quickly corrected by vitamin supplementation and return to a more rounded diet.

It is possible to eat a well rounded and healthful vegetarian diet; however, before any great change in dietary habits it is wise to consult a doctor.

DR
BEAR
MAN

WEIRD: RACE OR CREED?

When one has long hair, strange looking pupils or any other mode of appearance or behaviour which deviates from the norm, one tends to accept the inevitable harassment and discrimination with a fatalistic shrug. But the liberal establishment in the name of social progress and other gods of the Constitutional Pantheon has Good News for long hairs.

Washington's Law Against Discrimination, Chapter 49.60 may have room in its heart for hippies. Unusually flexible, i.e., vague, in its wording the law prefaces its prohibition of discrimination by virtue of race, creed, color or national origin in the employment and public accommodations spheres with this instruction, "The provisions of this chapter shall be construed liberally..." In this spirit the Washington State Board Against Discrimination has been discussing possibly investigating discrimination against those noncarbonated members of the Pepsi Generation who fizzled out.

Two things, however, must be determined before the Board can seriously examine this question. First, is there a problem; what is the scale of discrimination, and secondly, does it legally qualify as "discrimination" as defined in the law. Does long hair, beads, or what ever identify an individual with a creed or simply as an individual?

The question of creed is sticky. Being black is involuntary but being a Muslim is not. The Muslim and Black receive equal protection under this law. Being longhaired is more or less voluntary (although considering the environmental forces in society which have contributed to the "hippie" phenomenon one might question whether any choice existed for the individuals involved). If there is a specific creed or life style, what is it? Does seeing colors differently than others, classify one as "colored?" There are, as yet, no concrete answers.

As to the existence and dimensions of actual discrimination in the generic sense specific action can be taken. HELIX is beginning a survey of discrimination in the areas of employment and public accommodations. If you feel you have been discriminated against because of the length of your hair, etc., in your job, in stores, restaurants, housing or whatever, describe the incident including the following data:

EMPLOYMENT: Name of employer, name of immediate superior, type of work, reasons given for denial or dismissal and all relevant dates.

PUBLIC ACCOMMODATIONS (in restaurants, stores, etc.): Place, date, time of day, your appearance, reasons given for denial of service or expulsion from establishment, and the prevailing situation in the establishment at the time of incident.

Send your affidavits, SIGNED with 3 box tops of your choice to: DISCRIMINATION SURVEY, Helix, 3128 Harvard Avenue East, Seattle, Washington 98102.

When enough reports have been compiled, HELIX will turn them over to the Board for examination and discussion but not for processing. It'll take a long time even if the board decides to move on this problem. Here, we'll have to take a back seat to our Black Brothers, whose mistreatment has monopolized the Board's attention.

BLOW-UP

CUSTOM MADE POSTERS

FROM ANY SIZE PHOTOGRAPH

WALLET SIZE TO 8" x 10"

NEW LARGER SIZE

28 x 24

Costs \$5.00 for 1
5 for \$20 - send
cash, check, or
money order to -

• THE STUDIO
• 6103 DAYTON N.
• SEATTLE, WN.
SU 4 - 3512

WILLS APPEALS

Russel Wills, local draft resister who is currently appealing a five-year sentence and conviction of draft refusal, will be in Seattle until at least October. In the last issue of the Helix, it was reported that Russel's arrest was eminent as his appeal to have his case heard by the United States Supreme Court was turned down in the last week of the Court's term before summer recess.

Upon receiving word that the Wills case had been refused, three last-ditch appeals were immediately made; locally, appeals were made for a stay of arrest until Russel could finish his Ph.D. exams; simultaneously, an appeal for reduction of the five-year sentence was filed. Finally, appeal for reconsideration was filed with Justice Douglas, the Supreme Court justice who represents this Court circuit.

It wasn't expected that the appeals would be of much use. Locally, Judge Beeks, who has been handling the case against Russel, has more than once demonstrated his determination to treat draft resisters as harshly as possible. And Justice Douglas was recovering from surgery and wasn't expected to be able to consider the case. However, Douglas has been extremely concerned with the treatment of draft resisters and protestors in this country, and apparently made a special effort in this case. He granted reconsideration by the Court and the machinery that was grinding towards Russel's arrest by the Grand Marshall was stopped.

In terms of the resistance movement, this represents only a qualified victory; the grant of reconsideration does not mean that the Court will hear the case, but it does mean that they will have to consider again whether or not to hear it. And this means that action on the case will be delayed until the fall when the Court goes back in its October session. If in October the case is rejected for hearing, there will be no further legal appeals or delays that can be made and Russel will go to Jail. But with the changes in the Court and indeed in the country between now and the October term, perhaps the political climate will change and the Court may be willing to consider the case for resistance.

Russel plans to spend the time between now and the time his case comes up working to expand the draft resistance movement.

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FULL ROAR WITH THE CROME SYRCUS

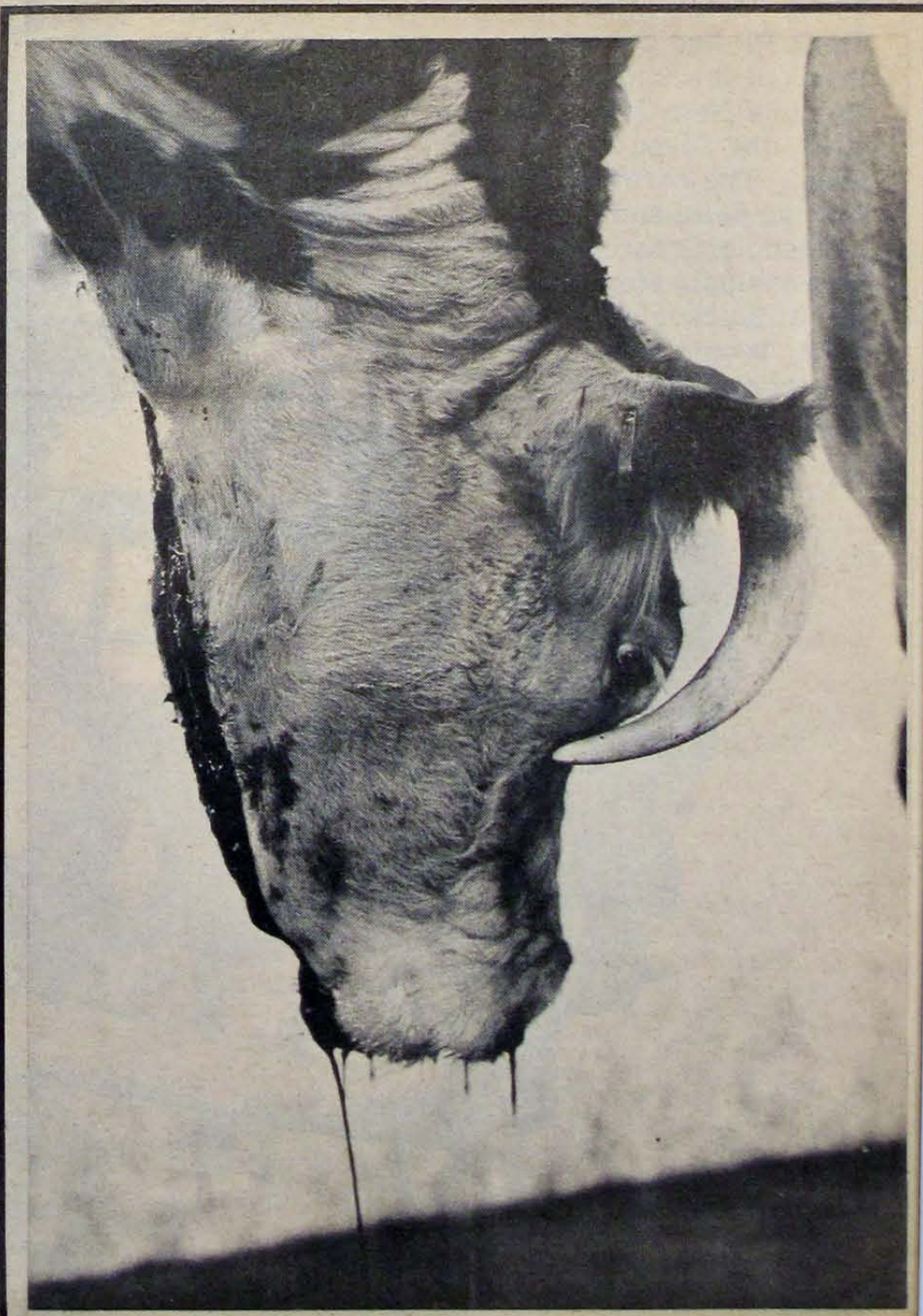
The Crome Syrcus and the Joffery Ballet conspiracy has produced a strikingly beautiful mixture of media appropriately named "Astarte" a mythical love goddess. The dancers, Max and Trinette, copulate to the accompaniment of symphonic rock music and movie images projected on to a nylon screen. The nylon stretches and distorts the visions which complete the three dimensional relationship of media reinforcement and antagonism. The Joffery Ballet Company complete with the Crome Syrcus will perform at the Queen Elizabeth Theater, July 5, 6, and 7 and at the Seattle Opera House, July 24-27.

The Ballet was recently performed in Houston and Chicago, which was responsible for the tour of the south by five music freaks, one freak doctor, and one not so straight press agent. Houston was an up-tight paranoia scene but New Orleans was loose. Everyone food tripped on 36 oz. steaks at the Steak Pit and got drunk at the Red Robin of New Orleans, the Seven Seas. The caravan left the delta and headed north through Mississippi, stopped at Stuckey's for coke, bought firecrackers, got stop-

ped in a police roadblock in Alabama, got through and camped out near Birmingham. The Great Firecracker War in the quiet Alabaman campsite pitted the not so straight press agent, bass player Lee Graham, and new drummer Jim Plano, against the Doctor, harp player Dick Powell, and guitarist Cactus Jack "John" Gaborit. The fighting raged out of control far into the night; until the sky returned to darkness after the daylight like lightness of the roman candle flares; the sounds of nature returned after the deafening roar of exploding one and a half inch Black Cats;

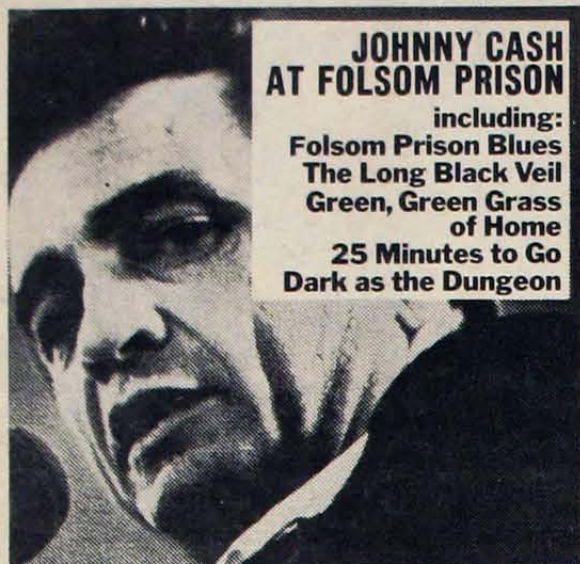
and the battle weary warriors retired for the night. The Windy City was uneventful except for a brief firecracker skirmish with a battalion of uniformed Civil Air Patrol Cadets in the third floor hall of the hotel. The Syrcus returned to San Francisco in time to play the Avalon June 9, 10, 11 and in time for the hero of this story to return to his alter ego as not so straight Helix reporter.







Some people may buy it just to hear the audience.



JOHNNY CASH AT FOLSOM PRISON

including:
Folsom Prison Blues
The Long Black Veil
Green, Green Grass
of Home
25 Minutes to Go
Dark as the Dungeon

The audience is convicts. They can't leave when the show's over. Some of them know what it means when the song talks about killing a man. The atmosphere is electric. Really electric. When you listen close, you hear clanging doors, whistles, shouts. Responses that aren't the same as yours. Because they're not walking around like you are.

You'll probably never know what it's really like. Johnny Cash does. He's been inside prisons before. Not always on a visit. This time he went back to record an album of his original songs—mostly prison songs—in front of the inmates of Folsom Prison, California. No one knew exactly what would happen. But the mikes were there, and it happened.

Listen to this album and try to get some feeling of what was happening. And know that this is probably as close as you'll ever get to being inside.

*Stereo. Also available in 4-track and 8-track stereo tape cartridge.



Johnny Cash on COLUMBIA RECORDS

COLUMBIA MARCAS REG. PRINTED IN U.S.A.

Eldridge Cleaver was whisked off to prison in the early morning hours of April 7 and was held there until June 11 without a hearing of any kind. He was taken prisoner after being wounded — and seeing fellow Black Panther Bobby Hutton killed — by Oakland police.

Last week Judge Raymond Sherwin of Solano County Superior Court ordered Cleaver released on a writ of habeas corpus. The Adult Authority had been unable to back up its contentions that Cleaver had violated the conditions of his parole. Judge Sherwin held that Cleaver had been a "model parolee", and that his imprisonment had stemmed from his "eloquence in pursuing political goals."

Express Times editor Marvin Garson interviewed Cleaver Sunday, June 16.

IN "SOUL ON ICE," IF YOU POINTED TO ANY GROUP IN WHITE SOCIETY THAT YOU LOOKED TO, IT WAS THE YOUNG, WHICH IS A VERY BIG CATEGORY. INSIDE THAT, FORGETTING THE PEACE AND FREEDOM PARTY, ARE THERE ANY GROUPS OR MOVEMENTS THAT YOU HAVE CONTACTS WITH, WANT TO HAVE CONTACTS WITH, THAT YOU'RE OPTIMISTIC ABOUT?

We want to have contacts with all groups that are going to move into changing the situation here in America. And we're very aware of groups like SDS, groups like PL — you see, we're more aware of individuals and categories of people who are moving.

We look hopefully to the young people in this country, the young white people in the white mother country. This is because we don't think they are as hung up in fighting a die-hard battle to maintain the status quo as some of the old people who become so identified — their whole perspective on survival is so wound up with the system that they seem themselves becoming extinct with any change in the system itself. We see that the young people in this country are adventurous, they're willing to experiment with new forms, and they're willing to go out and confront life. And this is what has to be done because we can't go into the latter part of this century, and into another century, creeping along and hobbling along on obsolete forms. So that the people who are willing to keep an open mind to the prospects of change, we find that they come mostly out of this reservoir of young people who are coming out of colleges and those who didn't make colleges. There are a lot of young people who aren't on college campuses, but still they share with their college counterparts the saving grace of not being as involved with all the hangups of the system as those who are older than them. And we don't write off all old people either. There are a lot of old people who are very beautiful and they produce results and they work incessantly to bring about change. We don't write them off, and you can't draw rigid lines, you know, "you can't trust anybody over thirty." I'm 33 myself, and I trust me, and a few other people do, and there are other people over thirty whom I trust.

IN A FEW DAYS THE SUMMER OF 1968 IS GOING TO BEGIN OFFICIALLY, AND STARTING ABOUT SIX MONTHS AGO EVERYBODY'S BEEN TALKING ABOUT THIS SUMMER. . . . WHAT DO YOU HOPE IS GOING TO HAPPEN THIS SUMMER? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO MAKE HAPPEN, WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO TRY TO KEEP FROM HAPPENING?

Well, this is this thing that this doctor S.I. Hayakawa put out, it's called the self-fulfilling prophecy, and it states that if you go around predicting things, predicting disasters, it's possible for people to get so caught up in the prediction that they start working to bring it about, maybe even against their own desires. I don't know where these predictions come from. It may be that they're all being projected from some behind-the-scenes conspirators who want to bring about some disastrous situation during the summer. There certainly has been a saturation of this prophecy that this is going to be a terrible, terrible, catastrophic summer. Well, I know that the people for whom I work, the Black

Panther Party and other groups of black militants in the Bay Area, throughout the State of California and all the way across the country, they think it's absurd, absurd for people to go around thinking that we are plotting some diabolical scheme to coincide with some change in the weather. We work year round, year round, rain or sun or whatever the climatic conditions might be, we work to organize black people so that they can move to bring about better conditions under which to live. We're going to do that in the summer, in the winter, in the spring or in the fall, it doesn't matter what time of year. Those who want to bring about tragic situations, they're the ones we think may have plots for the summer. Those who we think are plotting against black people this summer are the racist police agencies throughout the country, now they have machinery in the Pentagon that is also been pulled into the plot to suppress any move by oppressed people to better their conditions. So they're the ones who move on these timetables of disaster and confrontation. It's not the oppressed people themselves, because they are moving all the time to change their situation.

THERE'S ANOTHER THING THIS SUMMER, THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS AND SO FORTH. ARE YOU RUNNING FOR PRESIDENT?

While I was in Vacaville, in prison, it was announced that I was a candidate for the presidency on the Peace and Freedom Party ticket. I welcomed that and I gave my consent for this announcement to be made. Because I am interested in developing working machinery between the black militants in the black community and what we refer to as the radicals in the white mother country, because I'm interested in developing this type of machinery, I wanted to get involved in the presidential thing, to use this as a way of pulling the movement together. I'm very interested in working to pull the movement together in that manner. Whether or not I can do this through the mechanism of the presidential nomination from the Peace and Freedom Party can only be determined through the convention which the Peace and Freedom Party will hold in July. Now, if they would nominate me I would work through that mechanism to do these things. If they don't do it, then I will work anyway to do these things because this is the thing that I want to do this is what I'm dedicated to.

WHAT DO YOU THINK IS HAPPENING IN THE BAY AREA RIGHT AT THE

LEVEL OF BLACK-WHITE RELATIONS, ON THE STREET, IN THE HIGH SCHOOLS, AND SO FORTH? DO YOU THINK IT'S GETTING BETTER OR WORSE? WHAT DIRECTION DO YOU THINK IT'S GOING IN?

I think that there's an increasing racial tension on certain levels in society, particularly in the political arena during this election year, there's a lot of racism being used by the reactionary forces in the political arena, trying to mobilize people at the polls. It's particularly true of the racist Republican Party, particularly the campaign of the racist Governor of California, Ronald Reagan, racist Richard Nixon, racist Max Rafferty. There's an attempt to manipulate this racism so that white Americans will be frightened by all this cry about the violence in the ghettos, the violence of black revolution. This is an attempt to frighten the white people into supporting these racist candidates. You have this racist dog, George Wallace, running all over the country spreading the poison of Alabama throughout the country to other people. The fact that he is receiving a hearing in these areas outside of Alabama indicates an increasing receptivity to racist appeals on the part of white people. So that it can't be surprising that people will begin to respond to this in high schools and every other area of life in this country. Each politician wants to take a particular stance on this which he thinks will appeal to the voters. Wallace takes an outright racist stand, Nixon wants to do it with a different flair, Rockefeller wants to have a different approach to his racist position, all the way to the Democratic Party: Johnson, Humphrey have a particular stance on this, the late Senator Kennedy approached it in his particular manner, McCarthy, but they're all dealing with the racial tensions that are in this country. So the black movement in this country also has to take a position on that. So you have everybody in this country moving and concerned with the racial tensions that are being exacerbated by all this activity. So I'm not surprised that students in high schools will bring with them the attitudes that they're picking up in their homes. You may find a young black student whose family may be members of the Black Panther Party going to the same school with a student whose family may be supporters of George Wallace, you see? They both bring with them what they receive at home. So the children embody all these

different attitudes on the spectrum and they can't relate to each other, so they react that way, and that's what's going on all over this country. I don't see how any magic wand could be found to get rid of it.

IT'S BEEN SAID OVER AND OVER AGAIN IN THE LAST FEW YEARS THAT IT'S THE JOB OF WHITE RADICALS TO FIGHT WHITE RACISM IN THEIR OWN COMMUNITIES. WHEN IT COMES TO THE WAR THERE'S SPECIFIC TACTICS, DRAFT RESISTANCE, THE ANNUAL MARCH, MAKING CONTACTS AMONG SOLDIERS. BUT WHEN IT COMES TO FIGHTING RACISM IN THE WHITE COMMUNITY, THEY JUST CAN'T FIGURE OUT ANY SPECIFIC THINGS.

I'm tempted to believe that the best way to do this is through an indirect approach. I think that in order for white racism to really be confronted, it's going to depend upon the success and the development of the black liberation struggle. I think that as the black people in this country become more and more united, it would make the job of those who want to destroy racism in the white community much easier. . . . Say with the Bobby Seale campaign, the Huey Newton campaign, the Kathleen Cleaver campaign, we feel that these are ways that white militants can take issues into the white community and have people decide one way or another about that. This is how we're moving on that. This is why we want to project my own campaign for the presidency so we can move on this nationally. In the Black Panther Party we've reached the point where we can move on this nationally. We can use the mechanisms developed in Alameda County to develop black and white activists all over this country. And no one can deny this, that in Alameda County, which has been the central focus of activity of the coalition between the Black Panther Party and the Peace and Freedom Party there has been a very noticeable decrease in this pervasive, undirected hostility and racial tension. The hostilities of the black community have been directed against specific targets, because we've focused attention on the activities of the police department, on the exploitation of the merchants, and on the political manipulation of the power structure. So that all these vague hostilities which in other communities are just floating around, in Alameda County they are beginning to take on a sharp focus, specific targets, and a lot of people find it much easier to circulate and work together.

EARFULL OF HEROIN

Robin Sherwood, well into the second week of music on KOL-FM received his first — of we predict many — censorship response. This one was written by some local writer for some local paper and published in some local TV guide. So the imagination that props The Beverly Hillbillies (Are they still playing mom?) and Father Knows Best (except in Sparta and among the Pujawis of western Tanganyika) was offended by the playing of a song titled HEROINE performed predictably by The Velvet Underground. The published writer indicated that there were, after all, limits and that since the aforementioned song offended him (perhaps there was some hidden needle in his ancestry) it clearly overreached those limits. CONSEQUENCE: citizens could be assured that the KOL-FM file in the FCC central offices would hold a letter of his.

Granting, that we can expect such prosaic half-witted responses from weekend journalists, we might take the opportunity, here, to say yet something again concerning that limitless subject Censorship. (NOTE: the introduction to what follows was written last. What follows was written first when the writer was intruded at his typewriter by someone bearing a clipping of the aforementioned journalistic pigeongrap. The following was a reaction to that censorship chickenshit. At the time this writer was needlessly stoned. And further, Oh! the freedom to invert the two that written first and that last.

ZONK

Over and over the pillar of society bent with but a willing but. Onto the hedge my darling dear there is nothing too dear. We are but a sacristy of the Lord's lording. Languish not my pretties. What a pity you have long to Anguishing come. Over and over the pillars of society bent with but a too-willing culture. Be instructed and sing happy bitter-sweet songs about cocaine... like most drinking songs let it repeat "Oh mama won't you show me the way home." This is a fine funky distinction: The bitter-sweet is no taste of secular dirt... the pigeon shit on the side of the hospital wall. But oh... semper fidelis to the wastefully tolerant but sweet protector of the private ball... We must stay on for the duration of our obligation to guarantee the right of a man to sing shooting-up heroin even if "we may strongly disagree with the drugs ingestion." Or then are we not also at the same time obliged to this, that a man's heart is his own as well as his ears... Whether it be the temple in his hearing or the little country church in his veins, if he but have the good grace to die naturally his own death in his own blood. Oh wale upon demons and insane night-fires and then resurrect your melting grace like a falling dew that more than g ided from a cool floor... up like an electric sprinkler.. and let him be.

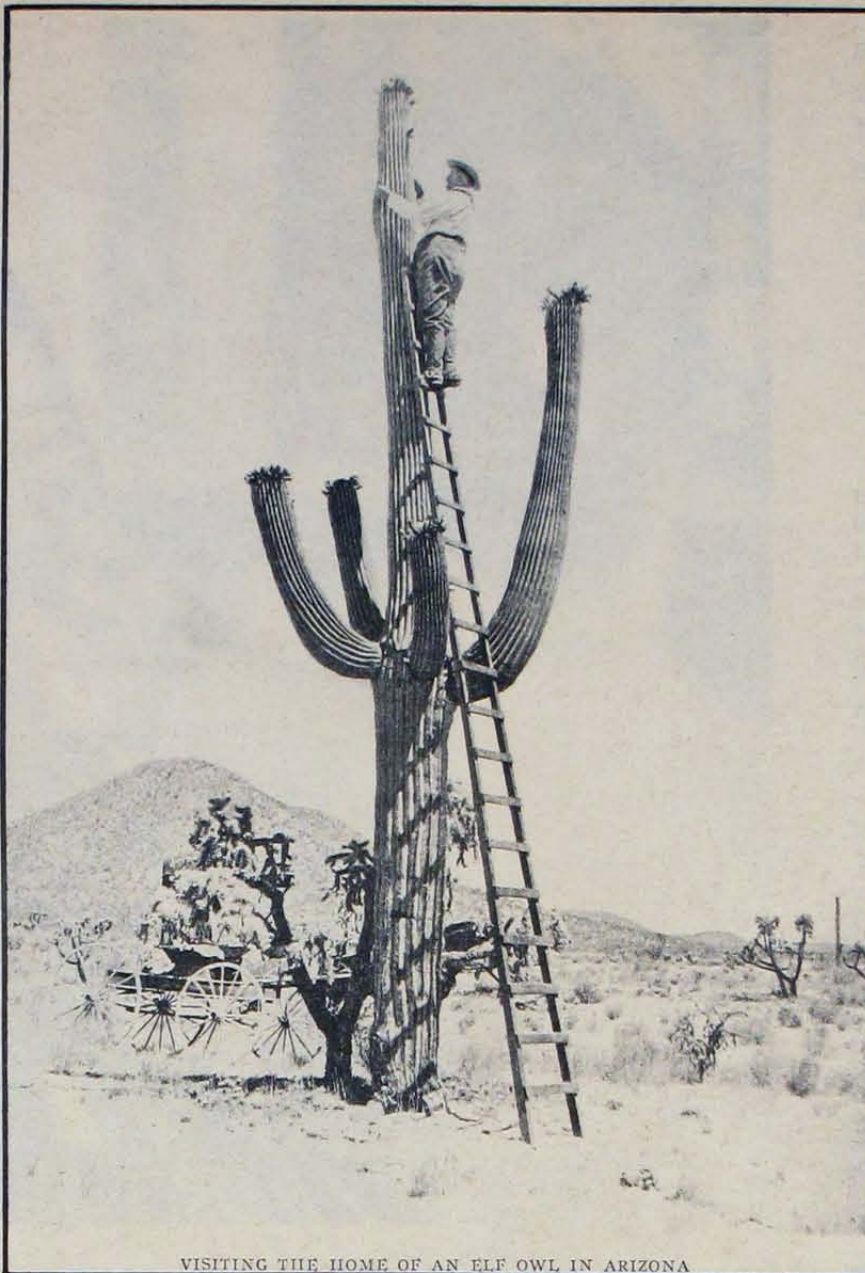
HERE GO BACK TO THE ORIGINAL

Sherwood responds with a "I want to de-emphasize myself and quicken the music... I don't want to impose myself on the listeners or the music, but I do reserve the right to be as silly as I want to when I need to. Have the good grace to tolerate that."

LEATHER FROM P. 4

dragged from the house into the street, for resisting arrest, (if one objects to getting ones wrists rasped if maced and charged with resisting arrest,) and one for using obscene and vulgar language. (From his bedroom where when his sleep was interrupted by the bull-horns he lifted the shade and his finger.)

Since then the seven have spent varying lengths of time in jail. By now all are out and the trial date has been set. It is unclear what the police will resurrect as a defense against their breaking up an afternoon of typical suburban TV ingestion. It is clear that a few of the local homeowners were upset by all that leather and steel. The Seance hadn't zapped anybody. In fact, Breed for two days preceding the Sunday of the arrest had been playing ball for long hours with the neighborhood kids. THEY got along well. Since that Sunday the busted house has been anything but a normal home. There is continual surveillance by helicopters and squad cars marked and unmarked. As Jethro noted it was a "real nice quiet neighborhood until all these police converged on it about two weeks ago." Dave Hood is the counsel.



VISITING THE HOME OF AN ELF OWL IN ARIZONA

HELIX BLEEDS

Hospital, where they were treated (along with 16 others) for multiple cuts and abrasions. They are extremely grateful to the Black Panthers who tried to help them.

The incidents Monday night were the actions of unorganized gangs of young, extremely angry, blacks. Mayor Brayman's statement blaming the militant group, the Black Panthers, for the actions of these gangs reveals the worst kind of distortion in search of a scapegoat. The cause of such incidents lies far beyond either the rhetoric of the Panthers or the action of the Police Dept. The Mayor's indictment of the Panthers as a "lawless, criminal element" is blatantly contradicted by the efforts of individual Panthers to prevent further violence. The mayor should concern himself less with blame and more with doing all in his power to give the black man freedom and justice.

FROM
CONT P. 5

CITIZEN SOLDIERS

If you have wondered how those "citizen soldiers" feel about "the enemy"... the 81st Infantry Brigade of the Washington National Guard stationed at Pier 91 went to summer boot camp from June 8-22 at the Yakima Firing Center. The last part of their training consisted of "crowd control" techniques, including tear gas formations, crowd splitting formations, and a "crowd scrapping" formation. The Commanding Officer of one unit, Col. Donald Robertson, who has a civilian (?) job with the Snohomish Sheriff's Dept., addressed his men: "...and that ought to fuck up those fuckin' African Spear-chuckers..." The enlisted men (all white) in the unit were offended by the Col.'s remark and have made careful efforts to protest his attitudes.

Pier 91 is the headquarters of the local National Guard units and one brigade unit will be on duty at all times through this summer in case of emergency. The central communications headquarters for emergency coordination of local police and Guard units is also located at Pier 91. What to expect: The basic formation for breaking up a crowd is a wedge of soldiers, a V, advancing with bayonets at throat level, stomping their right feet in unison, dragging their collective left, shouting or screaming as one. If the crowd does not give away just at the sight of the advancing wedge it is cut through physically. The main weapon of the wedge is psychological, however, and many Guardsmen have privately expressed doubts about their willingness to crush demonstrators lying on the ground or to stab female demonstrators with bayonets. If the crowd somehow flanks the wedge, gets in behind the soldiers, or in between, confusion breaks out in the ranks and the wedge is dissolved. The only defense against the wedge is a barricade or shield which separates and destroys the formation. Rolling barrels, or logs, or small cars into the formation is also effective. Ropes strung across the street would trip the wedge and destroy it. The tear gas used is of the CN or the CS military type. In boot camp recruits are locked in a room filled with tear gas. They are told not to rub or touch their eyes or even blink to prevent temporary blindness. Turning your face to the wind blows the gas from your eyes and face and prevents blindness and burning.

DROPOUT

Three University of Dayton dropouts have organized an employment service VOCATIONS FOR SOCIAL CHANGE listing thousands of anti-Establishment jobs located in more than 34 states of the Union. The jobs range from cooks to organizers, medical workers to fund-raisers. Most of the jobs are for office workers and writers. Employers range from local underground papers, black power groups, guerrilla theater groups to established agencies such as the National Service Foundation and the American Committee on Africa. Write to 2010 "B" Street Hayward California for a catalogue listing jobs. (Enclose a stamp they are broke) or come by the Helix Office

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CREAM



STILL LISTENING TO THAT GREASY
KID STUFF? this album will put
HAIR in your head!



A while ago a friend, after listening to Flying High while on acid, broke out in a genuine archaic smile and announced, "I LOVES Country Joe and the Fish!" I does too.

I was somewhat disappointed though with "Fixin' To Die," their last album. It lacked the ironic life-bite of the first lp. However, I think (right now at least) that the most recent album is easily a peer of the first. With TOGETHER, the Fish become rock's first serious

propagandists of the point-of-view-of-the-silly-putty-mirror.

When the Fish were in Seattle last (I'm told) Barry commented to Joe apropos of something or other that "the whole album was a put-on." Joe made one exception. Actually, "put-on," trailing clouds of Zappa and Warhol, is rather misleading. The album is not a shuck (not even a groovy one) and most of the cuts are not parody (except for the slight edge of auto-parody that Joe's voice never seems to drop, and that seems to have infected Barry.) Where the

Mothers of Invention are a cancerous cell of the parent organism (LA) growing insanely till it threatens the original body, the Fish are slightly (maybe very far-) out side, even in parody, due to the basic impossibility of homogenizing plastic and funk.

The album starts with "Rock and Soul Music," a profoundly dirty song, sockittome archetype featuring Joe's celebration of the multiple orgasm in the world of black pop; while the bass (beneath, feminine but swivel-hipped and active) balls with the leadguitar.

"Mojo Navigator" (written

in part by funky fish manager ED) is the group's contribution (in spite of a modest disclaimer) to the tradition of the hootchie-kootchie man and the seventh son. "Got a... rebuilt mind on a guaranteed frame... and I've been past the falls." Named after a now-defunct SF rock magazine, a theme song for the Marvel Group of Gropers.

Good Guys and Bad Guys: Boos and Yeas finally blend in a didactic Hare Krishna for Concerned Committees.

The Harlem Song: a soft shoe steel guitar ad for summer vacationers. I played it at KRAB

and received phone calls charging tastelessness. A result of miscegenation between Pink Anderson's old medicine show repertoire and Motown.

"An Untitled Protest": Napalm melting the Hershey bar in the cute little bugger's hand; images of blood and death march by til about the time you remember LIFE uses the same images to sell magazines and the war continues anyway, the song seems to remember it too. "Superheroes fill the sky, tally books in hand / Yes keeping score in times of war takes a superman."

ISB THE HANGMAN'S BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER EKS 74021

The String Band is a strange British duo, Mike Heron and Robin Williamson, who play a vast array of acoustic instruments with occasional assists from various friends. Or I imagine they're friends; the album sounds like a couple of people who were sitting on the floor one night, inventing as they went along, when someone said "Hey, that's groovy; you should make a record!" And they did. Although this is their third album, they still aren't very well known. Probably because they aren't very good musicians.

Playing the same instruments

five or six years ago during the folk movement (dulcimer, guitar, harmonica, jew's harp, mandolin, etc.) doing traditional material, they would have gone unnoticed. Which would have been a loss, because they have a lot of very good ideas, and do some original things.

Musically, they are an amalgam of various techniques, some used very effectively, but they are more than a little limited by not playing their instruments very well, or singing very well. (It's really a hangup.) They mix funky calypso-type rhythms (with a bottleneck backing no less) with Anglo-American sounding tunes

and various well-chosen boinks, pops and whistles, often with groovy results.

They've written some really beautiful lyrics — somewhat Tolkien-Yeatsy (I'm sorry about the literary parallels, but in this case it really is relevant) "blood... sword... axe... moon..." and a child-initiate perceiving spirits which its elders are dead to. But it's handled far more effectively than Donovan handles the same materials. Their images do more than lend a sort of druid restaurant-atmosphere. In addition, the String Band juxtaposes, sometimes in the same song, their own variants on

spiritual and blues idioms, and though sometimes it feels as if they are about to drift off into what someone called Heaven-Rock, they almost always manage to extricate themselves in time.

"The Minotaur Song," a sort of children's carol, filtered through a cummings-ingenuous idiom, is a beautiful small lyric, one of the best I know. The Minotaur image is utilized far more effectively (and far more quietly) than it would be if, say, the Doors got hold of it, and Morrison ate three teenie-boppers on a stage coated with a mixture of human- and bullshit.

Still, most of their lyrics are blown simply because they don't utilize the inflection which a recording makes possible, and speech accents, tend to dribble off to nothing. (That sounds like a tenuous, critical comment I know, but listen to the record; it's really so extreme that it's hard to believe a producer let them by without a couple of studio musicians along.) A much tighter venture into the same bag can be found in the "ACID SYMPHONY," a S. Cal. tribe/group whose records are unfortunately available only through the LA Free Press's Either/Or Bookstore.

CREAM

To begin with, I've never seen the Cream play live — I've almost made it several times, but I always seem to have Gotten Hung Up. People who have seen them live describe the experience with long chains of superlatives. Friends came by after Cream had played the Fillmore on their next-to-last tour (I was in SF at the time, but hung) telling me, with glazed eyes, that it was the best concert they'd ever seen. Shortly afterwards TIME quoted both Jerry Garcia and Mike Bloomfield as referring to Clapton as THEIR favorite rock guitarist. Or words to that effect.

However, their first two albums, Fresh Cream and Disraeli Gears, were far from what I had expected from a group that was being called the best blues band in England. Neither album could touch the record Clapton cut with Mayall shortly before he split to form Cream.

The most recent album,

consisting of two lps — one recorded in the studio and the other at the Fillmore concert mentioned above — is considerably better. The studio lp is somewhat similar to Disraeli Gears. The songs, for the most part, lean away from blues forms, and range from "Pressed Rat and Warhog," a comic narrative poem (the form is comic, the meaning may or may not be) to "As You Said," probably my favorite cut on the lp, featuring an acoustic guitar played by the composer, bassist Jack Bruce.

Of the two, I far prefer the Live at the Fillmore lp. It consists of four cuts, all starting out as blues, two of which are long instrumental freaks and two of which are short instrumental freaks. Cream, at least on record, is not vocally strong. The vocal mikes are turned way down, and at best the singer just stays out of the way of the instruments. (For

a nice contrast in white blues groups, compare Butterfield's "Born Under a Bad Sign" with the version on the studio lp. For Butterfield, the piece is a SONG, the voice is an instrument and the singers inflection reinforces the lyrics; the instrumentals are an extension of the song. Cream, on the other hand, restricts vocal inflection to a monochromatic tone of forboding, and the end of each verse seems to release the instruments which come screaming up like a mad rapist who has just watched the local beat cop drop down a manhole.

The first Fillmore cut is a harp/vocal piece by Bruce called "Taintime." A nice example of the harmonica-locomotive, it's very simple (compared to similar pieces by Rev. Gary Davis or Sonny Terry) and very fast. A solid, unobtrusive drum backing keeps the momentum up (and allows Bruce to breath

occasionally without the rhythm breaking down.) Bruce's vocal, like Clapton's, is somewhat two dimensional. Not bad really, but when it comes to singing blues, he lets the harp do it for him.

The second cut, "Toad," is for thirteen or so of its fifteen minutes, one long, fine drum solo by Ginger Baker with complex rhythms played against complex rhythms in a very non-rock, non-blues fashion.

The second side starts off with "Crossroads," an electronic version of an old Robert Johnson blues (though still short and fairly songlike). The last cut, "Spoonful," gives Clapton a chance to freak; it's nice, and you can tell from the record that it would have been great had you been there to hear it live.

I sometimes have the feeling with long improvisations (and with most of Cream's short things as well) that recordings are

hardly fairer to rock than the old Bluebird recordings were to the country bluesmen in the thirties. In order to hold fifteen minutes of rock improvisation together, there really has to be some kind of visceral resonance, and the excitement of watching a musician create RIGHT THERE BEFORE YOUR GODDAMNED EYES doesn't hurt at all. In thirty years, when what we call rock has given way to other musics and most of the audience for records doesn't even have the memory of watching a rock group do their thing live, prestructured recordings — like the East-West cut — will probably be far more comprehensible than recordings of improvisations where a sense of continuity, achieved when actually attending a performance through the suspension of the listeners time sense in the wonder of It's Happening Now — is lacking.

LOTUS AMONG THE METAL EATERS.....5

CUNN-CO



THE RECRUITING OFFICE

LAST ISSUE ELMER "precious" LOTUS, RETIRED DEALER, AND HIS PARROT COMPANION "GOLD" NARROWLY ESCAPED THE JOSS-STICK GANG. NOW THEY TAKE A SPRING STROLL THROUGH A SMALL AMERICAN CITY.)

Gold forsook Lotus's shoulder as a perch on walks through town
For a softer safer residence
some twenty inches down,
In Elmer's overcoat pocket
next to his left leg:
For Gold was a lady parrot
and had laid a parrot egg.

Lotus and Gold walked down the street
with nothing on their minds,
They drifted past a window,
filled with flags and men and signs.
Gold turned to his friend and asked
what might be sold within.
--"Tho only men pass thru the door
no red light signals sin."

"The red," said Lotus, "shines upon
the rag above the Store,
"And the whore within is a Cuntless Sin,
the suck of slippery war."
"For even the crabs are bright with steel
and filled with wheels and springs."
--"The Loves of Men are strange," said Gold,
"and eggs are lovely things."

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"The respect of a Nation," said Lotus
"lives after the Brave are gone."
--"The Nation is fat," said Gold
"and a pink and balding swan."
"A Nation is young in its children
tho heroes and swans grow old."
--"Find a nation which loves an egg
and it loves it fried," said Gold.

Lotus peered at the recruiters
pressing the glass with his nose,
When "crack-peep" went the parrot egg,
(from the pocket a goldling rose.)
Ascending Lotus's lengthy beard
it perched upon his head.
Inside a sargeantstared and then
"chickenshit!" he said.

FILM FESTS

Seattle's almost invisible independent film makers will be visible during the University of Washington's Summer Film Series. Every Tuesday during the month of July at 8 pm in the Health Sciences Auditorium. Tickets are sold for the series only at \$5.00 (that's one dollar per night). On July 9, a program of works by King Screen, award winning film branch of the TV station, July 16 "New Cinema Program I" a collection of shorts available for the first time in this country, on July 23 "New Cinema Program 2," on July 30, the winners from the 1968 Bellevue Film Festival. The Bellevue Film Festival will be held during the last week of July.

The Allied Arts of Seattle presented a mammoth series of films at the Seattle Center during June. The audiences were meager, to say the least, and the films were excellent. Allied Arts is supported by grants and donations so only the potential film audience that missed the films suffered. For some unknown reason the film groups in Seattle have no awareness of media or unconsciously wish to limit their viewing audiences to a small circle of friends. Last year many people wanted to see the Bellevue Film Festival but couldn't find out when it was, what was showing or where. The same was true of the Allied Arts Festival. Beyond a few posters stating the date of the event placed in the windows of select galleries and cultural institutions (the HELIX window), little if any effort was made to draw an audience to some of the most important films of the century. Applauded one night was "Off-On" a magnetic TV tape pattern color reversal mind blower set to electronic (?) sound. A shame only 15 people saw it.

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NEW GROUP THEATER JUGGERNAUT

"God is Dead.... They killed him with a machine.... God was killed by electricity... the mothafucker." The Nuns squirmed, the Fathers paid close attention, the girls in starched white collars hid their eyes, the patrons of the arts in polka dot and psychedelic print smiled briefly, the little spade kids snickered and jived. "You ofay asshole... you got any amoebae in your immediate family?" Two blacks in berets holding plastic machine guns fought in a corner of the room. Most of the crowd remained seated on the floor until the fighters rolled into them, scattering the women. The spade kids jumped up and down and peeked around legs to see what was happening.

What was happening was K. Curtis Lyle's (Watt's Writers Workshop) "Guerilla Theater and the Process of Allusion" at the CAMP Firehouse at 18th and Cherry. Presented by the New Group Theater and directed by Doug Barnett the play is an assemblage of events (black) didactic absurd guerilla pandemonium — laced with the screams of Pharo Saunders and the beauty of Coltrane.

The play begins with the innocent fun of pure guerilla theater... characters with signs reading CIA, Chase Manhattan, State Dept. singing songs of sixpence and imperialism conducted by the Missionary... the babies are thrown out with the bath and the revolution begins. Anguished twisted prose, "weird rain and concrete" drives the black revolutionary into the hills, through death, torture, the perversion of justice, the hypocrisy of "kill to stop killing," the terror, the arbitrary partial destruction, the rictus of embracing the slogan "by any means necessary," the final victory which even the rats hesitate to eat.

The illusion of the Romantic Revolutionary pulled like fingernails with pliers, and spit on the floor like bloody teeth. God-leader-black Guevara castrated crucified naked to the giggling torturers hot cigar ash. Coughing gagging cursing jiving, the Revolutionary loves his rifle, strokes it, kisses it, loves its music, makes it come silver bullets. The Big Cheese who speaks only electronic tape nonsense ruling the country for the Bible and God is on His side. The white mother who turns her wounded son in to the police. A windup N*E*G*R*O ("that sounds like something you wipe your ass with...") indicted for building low income housing with inferior materials is condemned to live out his natural life in the Yesler Atlantic housing Project.

The acting was rough and raw, anguish and terror came naturally along with the glib jive and street talk. The play is rarely pretentious preferring to preach by exaggerated character and cartoonery in the best tradition of street theater. Many of the whites in the audience frankly didn't understand anything about the play, but were trying very hard to dig all the foul language and irreverence (white mother preacher's wife reads the Lord's prayer "Thy Kingdom come" — the black man yells in her masked face, "Yeah, if you shove it up your ass enough times...." But the play was not concerned with Messages for the Whites. It was a Black Play for Black Men. If whites didn't get it, Tough Shit, Baby. For the Blacks the play seemed to say: Revolution is a tough road to travel and you'd better think twice before you blow up the power station — not because Whitey will beat you — you can't lose your black and beautiful and holy — but in order to win you must sacrifice so much you'll never find what it was you started out looking for.

"Juggernaut (j ug' er - not) N. (Altered-Hind. JAGANATH, lord of the world — jagat, world and natha, lord). 1. An incarnation of the Hindu god Vishnu, whose idol, it is said, so excited his worshippers when it was hauled along on a large car during religious rites that they threw themselves under the wheels and were crushed: Also JAGANNATH. 2. Anything that exacts blind devotion or terrible sacrifice. 3. Any terrible irresistible force." — Webster's New World Dictionary.

In a way it is good that no one seems to know that the 13th House (1818 Stewart) exists. At this point it is probably the only music place left in town where you don't have to submit yourself to either a Sardine can theory of digging good sounds or submerge yourself in the Pat O'Day paisley prophylactic musical condom.

For the last few weeks a home-grown Seattle band, the Juggernaut, has been generally doing their thing down there and specifically blowing minds. The band is ably headed by Pernell Alexander, Jimi Hendrix's cousin, with Butch Snipes on Bass and the Bonow brothers, Dan and Tim on Organ and drums. This group achieves a Blues-Rock-Jazz synthesis that is really something to hear. A lot of this is due to the outstanding organ playing of Dan Bonow and the sophisticated and subtle guitar work of Pernell Alexander. Pernell taught Hendrix to play the guitar, but even without this recommendation, he is one of the finer and most original guitarists I have heard. They do almost completely their own stuff, all of which is pretty good.

Although the acoustics of the 13th House are lousy to the point of being wretched, which tends to really foul up some of the intricacies of this group's sound, it is really worth the buck or two it costs to see them.

Jug'naut at Magic Theater July 14

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LETTER

Paul Dorpat

Dear Paul:

The center spread in the June 20th Helix by Murray Bookchin is something more than the usual review. It impresses me as a very competent presentation of the particular approach to the subject of social revolution of which he is an advocate.

But as you know, those of us who hold different or opposing views may not be easily satisfied with any one presentation of the issues, or of the facts, or the judgments.

Beyond this there are some important things not gone into or not followed through which could have much to do with where it comes out.

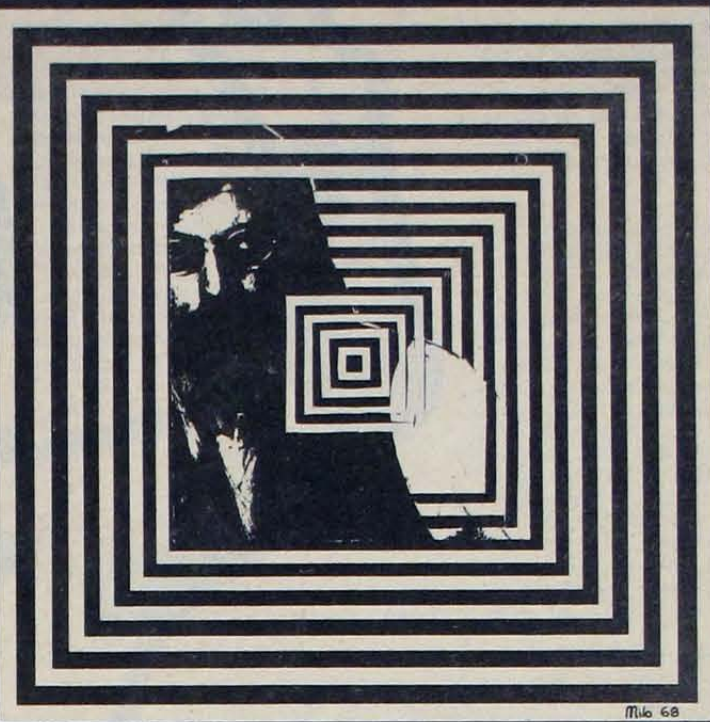
For example, there is the matter of confining the view of the present moment in the life of society almost entirely to the shape of things in the USA and parts of Europe at the most. This has to do with the relevance of conclusions about the future of labor, or "freedom from work," scarcity, affluence, automation, and the economic base of communism.

Another subject which ought not to be ignored is the treatment of "desire." Are we to take individual subjective desire (no matter how originated and formed) as the dialectical pole opposite the social or mass or class pole, need? Or is there a necessary distinction between individual desires based upon selfish-interest conditioned by the exploitive, oppressive nature of the existing society as opposed to desire shaped by a mass collective common interest?

These and other points should make it worth while to invite comment from people who have feelings and things to say about Bookchin's piece.

Yours,
C. Van Lydegraf.

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STOP AND SEARCH

... AND WHAT IT CAN MEAN FOR YOU!

SCRIPT BY DOWNEY?

ART(?) by FLYNN



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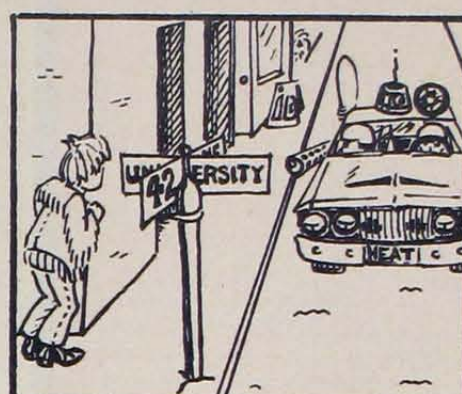
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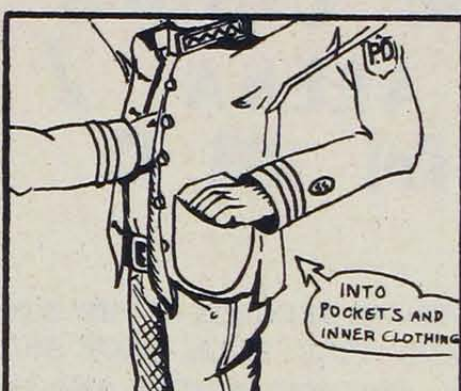


MEANWHILE, FREEDOM-LOVERS OF ALL KINDS WERE GETTING ~ UPTIGHT! ~

AH... BUT BREATHE EASIER, ALL YE WHO TREASURE LIFE, LIBERTY, AND DOPE ALIKE; THIS VERY MEASURE MAY TEND TO PROTECT, RATHER THAN TO INCRIMINATE! A FEW GUIDELINES CONCERNING "STOP AND FRISK" PROCEDURES FOLLOW... KNOW YOUR RIGHTS!



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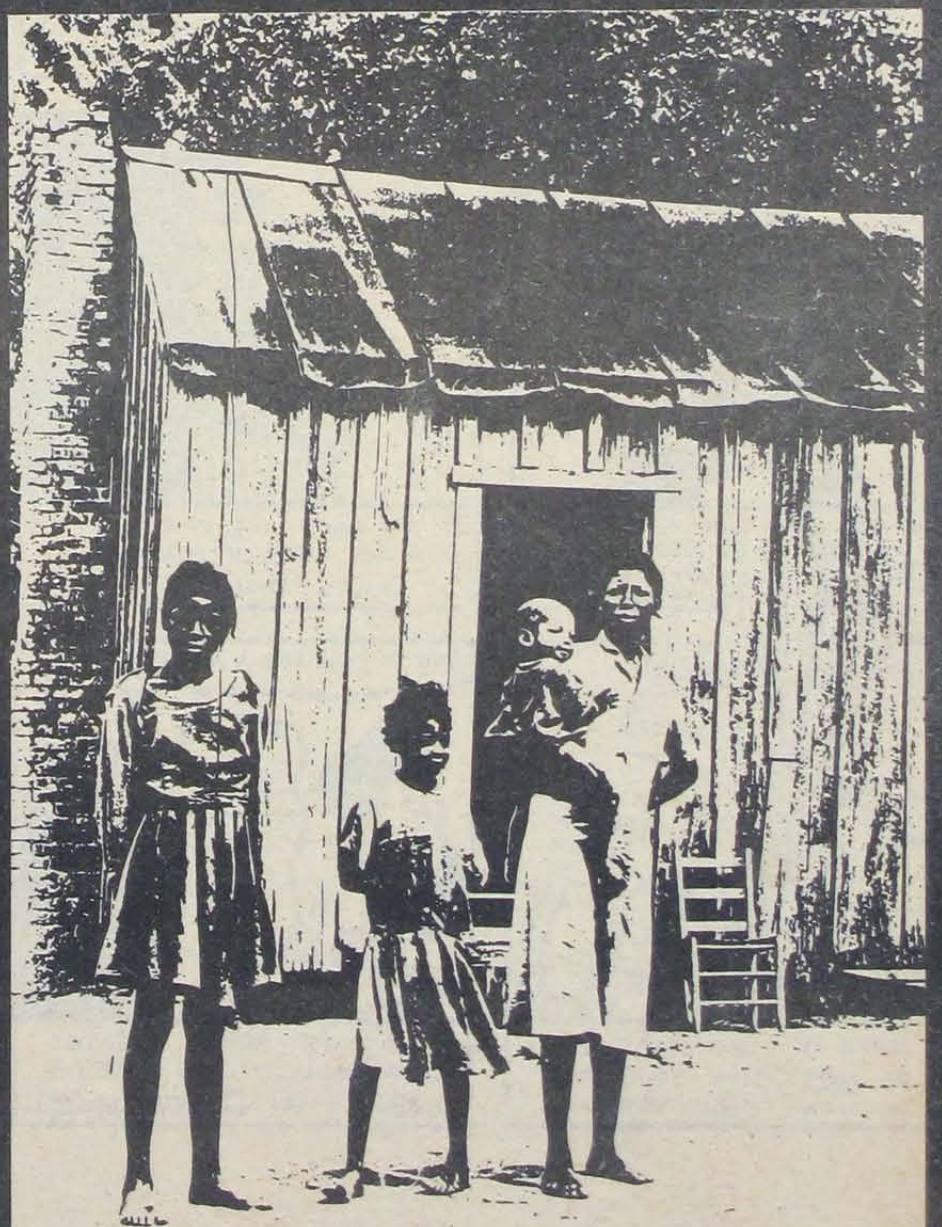
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